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INTRODUCTION

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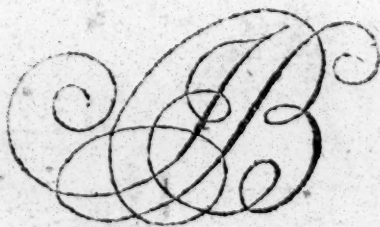
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SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

CONTAINING

AN ESSAY ON

O R A T O R Y.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the  
Strand; and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

M D C C L X I I I .

W. RODGER

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

AN ESSAY ON

THE HISTORY OF THE

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# DEDICATION.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

SIR,

**I**T is matter of great doubt whether any dedicatory address was ever freer from taint of flattery, than the present; if we pronounce you the best illustrator of, and the best *living comment* on, SHAKESPEARE, that ever has appeared, or possibly ever will grace the British stage, it is merely echoing the public voice, and concurring with that unparalleled unanimity of praise, which, during so long a course of years, hath attended your incomparable merit.

## iv DEDICATION.

This compact edition of SHAKESPEARE is offered you as a grateful, tho' small, return, for the infinite pleasure, and extensive information, derived from your exquisite performance, and judicious remarks, by,

S I R,

Your most obedient

humble servants,

THE EDITORS.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

SHAKESPEARE's admirers, even the enthusiastic ones, who worship him as *the god of their idolatry*, have never scrupled to admit that his most regular pieces produce some scenes and passages, highly derogatory to his incomparable general merit; he frequently trifles, is now and then obscure, and, sometimes, to gratify a vitiated age, indelicate: but can any degree of critical taste with the preservation of dark spots, because they have grown upon dramatic sunshine? is not the corrective hand frequently proved to be the kindest? critics, like parents, should neither spare the rod, nor use it wantonly.

There is no doubt but all our author's faults may justly be attributed to the loose, quibbling, licentious taste of his time; he, no doubt, upon many occasions, wrote wildly, merely to gratify the public; as DRYDEN wrote bombastically, and CONGREVE obscenely, to indulge the humour, and engage the favour of their audiences: no man can suppose that the former considered his rhiming dialogues as marks of sublimity, nor that the latter imagined his

## 6 ADVERTISEMENT.

*double entendres* were wit; one wanted money, the other fame; for which, pompous sounds and gross ideas, were then popular baits; consequently chaste criticism and delicacy were without scruple, sacrificed to their several views.

Our author did not go quite so far, but very frequently preserved himself free from taint, reining his fiery PEGASUS with an able masterly hand; why then should not the noble monuments he has left us, of unrivalled ability, be restored to due proportion and natural lustre, by sweeping off those cobwebs, and that dust of depraved opinion, which SHAKESPEARE was unfortunately forced to throw on them; forced, we say, for it is no strain of imagination, to suppose that the Goths and Vandals of criticism, who frequented the theatre, in his days, would, like those who over-ran the *Roman* empire, have destroyed and consigned to barbarous oblivion, the sublime beauties which they could not relish; and it is matter of great question with us, whether the fool, in *King Lear*, was not a more general favourite, than the old monarch himself.

The above considerations first started the idea, and induced the undertaking, of this edition; and as the THEATRES, especially of

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# ADVERTISEMENT. 7

of late, have been generally right in their omissions, of this author particularly, we have printed our *text* after their regulations; and from this part of our design, an evident use will arise; that those who take books to the THEATRE, will not be so puzzled themselves to accompany the speaker; nor so apt to condemn performers of being imperfect, when they pass over what is designedly omitted. Upon this point, however, it is to be observed, that the difference of power, of voice and execution, between different performers, may make one erase more than another; nevertheless we come so near the mark of all, that scarce any perplexity can arise, in tracing them; besides we would hope, that a reasonable standard being thus laid down, professors of the drama will not be so forward, as capriciously and arbitrarily to deviate from it; it is commendable to consult the extent of expression, but thro' idleness to retrench what is beautiful and necessary, or through vanity to retain what is heavy and unessential to action, we deem an affront to the public, and a disgrace to the performer.

As an author, replete with spirited ideas, and a full flow of language, especially one possessing *a muse of fire*, cannot stop exactly where stage utterance and public attention require;

## 8 ADVERTISEMENT.

require; some passages, of great merit for the closet, are never spoken; such, though omitted in the text, we have carefully preserved in the notes.

And now, being upon this part of our subject, we hold ourselves bound in justice and gratitude to Mr. *Garrick*, to mention a delicate fear, which he suggested, when we first solicited his sanction and assistance. This fear was, lest the prunings, transpositions, or other alterations, which, in his province as a manager he had often found necessary to make, or adopt, with regard to the text, for the convenience of representation, or accommodation to the powers and capacities of his performers, might be misconstrued into a critical presumption of offering to the literati a reformed and more correct edition of our author's works; this being by no means his intention, we hope it will not become liable to such an unmerited misconstruction. In justification of ourselves also, we take this opportunity of declaring, that to expect any thing more of this work, than as a *companion to the theatre*, is to mistake the purpose of the editors.

Having been long convinced that multiplying conjectural verbal criticisms, tends rather to perplex, than inform readers; we have

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have given those readings which to us appear most consonant to our author's manner and meaning, without obtruding one capricious opinion on another.

We have furnished an explanation of technical and obsolete terms; pointed out the leading beauties, as they occur, without descanting so much as to anticipate the reader's conception and investigation; we have shewn, with a becoming impartiality, what appear to us to be blemishes and imperfections: the requisites for representing every character of importance are defined, and the mode of performance essential for scenes peculiarly capital, is clearly pointed out.

We have earnestly consulted correctness, neatness, ornament, utility, and cheapness of price; we have avoided all ostentation of criticism, compacting our notes as much as possible; in regard whereof, it may be justly said, that we could have enlarged the number, and extended the phraseology, with much less trouble, than it cost us to give them their present form; it has been our peculiar endeavour to render what we call the essence of SHAKESPEARE, more instructive and intelligible; especially to the ladies and to youth; glaring indecencies being removed, and intricate passages explained;

## 10 ADVERTISEMENT.

ed; and lastly, we have striven to supply plainer ideas of criticism, both in public and private, than we have hitherto met with.

A general view of each play is given, by way of introduction.

Though this is not an edition meant for the profoundly learned, nor the deeply studious, who love to find out, and chace their own critical game; yet we flatter ourselves both parties may perceive fresh ideas started for speculation and reflection.

THE EDITORS.

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O R A T O R Y.

**T**HOUGH it is not strictly within the limits of our plan, to range at large over the extensive field of oratorical correctness, fancy and excellence, as it respects the pulpit, senate, and bar; yet it is hoped we shall so far touch on the essentials of them all, as to give hints, which may prove useful to each of the three degrees.

If we say that an orator, like a poet, to excel, should be born such, it will be no strained assertion; and if we add that he must be more indebted to nature, than a son of the muses, it will be easily admitted. Cultivated imagination, regulated by judgment, constitutes one; who, totally void of external requisites, may shine from his closet, tho' ever so deformed in figure, rude in features, weak in voice, or blemish'd in appearance.

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The other, though he may, by peculiar excellence of delivery, and the help of a feeling subject well treated on, be able to impress an audience, with little more than a good voice; yet experience powerfully convinces us that a graceful person, respectable marking features, expressive eyes, and ornamental gesture, are of the utmost utility: it is no argument to say, that a man, as in the case of Sir *John Fielding*, tho' the visual gates of sympathy be shut, may show strong marks of oratorical merit; for the question naturally follows, would he not be much more powerful in expression, if the indexes of thought enjoyed their natural and proper vigour, especially where particular feelings are to be excited?

It is too common for ignorance and avarice, to misapply the talents of youth, especially in this point of view; many are destined for, and brought up to the most serious, the most important concerns of life, wherein public speaking is required, who labour under glaring defects and imbecilities of expression; hence so many drowsy, irksome preachers, so many senatorial cyphers; and such a number of imperfect pleaders: this parental blunder is much the same as breeding a purblind boy to watchmaking, or one hard of hearing to music.

Supposing a person qualified by nature, let us see how far art may be called in. The complete orator must have a general and intimate knowledge of himself, the world and mankind; a clear conception of the passions and affections of those he is to instruct and persuade; a perfect acquaintance with the various distinctions of virtue and vice; he should be critically intimate with all the beauties and blemishes of the ancient writers; he should  
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be an historian and a logician ; possessing a correct idea of, and taste for, the liberal arts ; if a competent knowledge of the mechanical ones is added, so much the better ; he should possess a quick conception, and a retentive memory ; he should be able to break thro', with ease, the cobwebs of sophistry, and, above all, enjoy that grand ingredient recommended by CICERO, social philosophy.

He should be master of all the arguments, for and against his subject ; in short, to sum up all with the great *Roman* orator's own words, " he " should be furnished with logical acuteness, philosophical wisdom, and poetical imagination, " embellished with the most polished elocution " and gesture of the stage."

To expatiate upon the obvious advantages derivable from each of the above qualifications required to complete this very comprehensive character we are considering, would be to spin out a needless length of explanation ; which could answer no end, but anticipating the reader's reflective investigation ; wherefore we shall quit this point, with observing, that when so many requisites, both internal and external are necessary, it is no wonder that a complete orator is so very scarce a character.

Declaimers, who may be justly stiled the pageants of oratory, possess the flowery, but not the argumentative, part ; they appeal boldly to fancy and the passions, but cautiously shun rational inquiry ; shew and plausibility completely *set* up one of this dangerous kind of public speakers, who oftener make proselytes among the weak and ignorant, than sound orators do ; as they are mostly pleasing, tho' seldom instructive. Bishop *Sprat*, speaking of them, in his history of the *Royal Society*,

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14      ESSAY ON ORATORY.

emphatically says, "of all the studies of men, nothing can be sooner obtained, than a vicious abundance of phrase; the trick of metaphors, and a volubility of tongue."

Having come thus far, the three celebrated orators of antiquity seem to fall in the way; DEMOSTHENES, ISOCRATES and CICERO; the first spoke from the heart, the second from the head; the first was animated by his subject and powerfully enforced it; the second decked it profusely with rhetorical flowers; one flashed conviction, by irresistible imagery; the other amused imagination, with fantastical allusions: of ISOCRATES we may say, his eloquence resembled a pleasant, but shallow, stream, which tickles the ear with an agreeable murmuring: DEMOSTHENES a deep majestic current, that in its course thunders on attention, and bears down all opposition: ISOCRATES possesses ease and elegance, DEMOSTHENES power and persuasion; CICERO who rises far above the former, does not in our idea come up to the latter; he is however a very masterly mixture of both, and therefore more likely to obtain general admiration, than either of his predecessors.

Oratory is well defined *the exercise of eloquence*; eloquence the *fluency of speech*; and rhetoric the *guide of both*. It is odd that these three terms should frequently be used as synonymous, when they so essentially differ.

Oratorical composition should be founded on a progressive unity of parts, but not like some of our sermons, which are disgraced with insipid methodical formality commonly stiled *heads*; it should enter modestly upon, warm into the subject, and, if required, kindle to fire, when the audience are ready to receive heated impressions; an impassioned

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sioned exordium generally produces a cold conclusion; and that piece, which endeavours to catch attention too suddenly, will either not catch it at all, or be obliged soon to let it slip.

FENELON, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY, describing the Beauties of Eloquence, speaks to the following effect: "Of what use can any ornament be, that does not tend to prove, to paint, or to affect? those ornaments, which only please, are false beauties; those which please and persuade, solid ones: the just and natural emotions of an orator have much grace and beauty in them; his correct and spirited painting charms us; all the essential parts of eloquence tend to please; but merely pleasing is not the most important aim; ideas and expressions, which only tickle the ear, may be deemed quaint turns; all graces of style, which serve to invigorate persuasion, are to be wish'd for; but all witty, punning conceits, all quibbling upon words, all strained metaphors, all forced glaring imagery, and all luxurance of idea, which only serve to flash and glitter upon fancy, disgrace sound oratory."

In public speaking, as well as in poetry and painting, art should be carefully concealed: where perceptible, it has a coarse and mean aspect. The orator should so intirely possess his audience of the subject, as to make them forget the speaker.

From the affecting exclamation of *Gracchus*, mentioned by *Cicero*, and a dilation of it, we perceive how expression strengthens, or enervates, a subject: "Wretched man that I am! whither shall I turn myself? where can I go? to the Capitol? it swims with my brother's blood! shall I go to my own house? there to see my wretched mother dissolved in tears, and overwhelmed with  
B 2 " sorrow?"

" sorrow?" This is a beautiful, bold, and affecting picture of perplexed grief: mark how faded the tints of originality appear in the following faint copy: " I know not where to go, nor whither I shall turn myself, amidst my misfortunes—the Capitol is the place where my brother's blood was shed; and at home I shall find my unhappy mother lamenting her sad condition." With very narrow comprehension and very dull feelings we may readily perceive the falling off, in this languid extension and variation of phrase.

We shall offer an instance of the turgid and chaste, in the following comparative contrast. Suppose a person addressing an *English* audience, on a presumed decay of *English* liberty, should thus declaim; " Most renowned *Britons*—in the magnanimous volume of Time we may read—even purblind eyes may see the glaring type, that there was a period, when liberty, diaphanous as sun-beams at noon, exhilarated this oceanic isle; when like the bird of *Jove* it soar'd aloft, and gazed with pleasure on the face of day; now it faintly glimmers, like the fog-wrapped moon, and our glorious eagle is become a bird of night."

Now let us see how the same subject may be treated, in opposition to this over-charged, bloated, tabernacle harangue; which, delivered in the *Moorfield* manner, must prove a laughable morsel of mirth, to divert common sense, and astonish ignorance.

" Fellow citizens, there was a time, when liberty diffused its blessings thro' this once happy isle; when its value was known, and its worth revered; when, like the sun, it was a common  
" com-

“ comforter ; the parent of pleasure, ease, and  
 “ security : now corruption and our own deprav-  
 “ vity have brought it to so enfeebled and preca-  
 “ rious a state, that every real friend of his coun-  
 “ try must tremble, as I do, at the painful idea of  
 “ its speedy and inevitable dissolution.”

If eloquence (a very dangerous weapon in the hands of ill-designing men) is used to any other purposes than the following, we may consider it as in a censurable state of perversion.

It should enforce the clearest proof of any useful truth, with such interesting motives as may affect the hearers, and work their passions to virtuous purposes ; to raise indignation against ingratitude ; horror against cruelty ; detestation against vice ; abhorrence against slavery ; compassion for misery ; love for virtue ; reverence for religion ; obedience to superiors ; and benevolence to all. Thus employed, eloquence appears in its full force and beauty : mere harangues seldom fail to catch the ear, but rarely touch the heart, and as seldom inform the head.

It is necessary that an orator should call the passions to his aid ; but then he should be very cautious not to impose on, or assail, them too violently : the one is cruel, the other impolitic. He should be clear in his ideas, and concise in his expression : he should perfectly understand just arrangement of matter, and the proper climax of argument : he should be thoroughly possessed of every principle and part of his subject : he should provide a sufficient number of apposite, affecting figures. Thus prepared, he must speak, and effectually, from an untrammel'd imagination.

The following passages, from Bishop Burnet's discourse on the Pastoral Care, seems well calculated

for the improvement of Lay, as well as Pulpit, speakers. "The extempore orator should frequently converse with himself, to let his thoughts flow freely from him; especially when he feels an edge and heat upon his mind; for then happy expressions will spontaneously come to his mouth. He must also write essays on all kinds of subjects; for, by writing, he will bring himself to a facility and correctness of thinking and speaking: and thus, by close application for two or three years, a man may render himself such a master this way, that he can never be surprized; nor will new thoughts ever dry up upon him. If, in his meditations, happy thoughts and noble pathetic expressions offer themselves, he must not lose, but write them down."

We perfectly agree with the right reverend Author, that much oratorical merit may be derived from frequent, well-regulated soliloquies, and essay-writing; and are induced to offer a few more of his thoughts, though not in the exact words nor confined light wherein he has proposed them.

One most essential point is, that an orator should have a due and deep sense of the truth and utility of his subject: he must have a life and glow in his thoughts, with relation to it: he should very sensibly feel in himself those things which he explains and recommends to others: he should speak as if what he uttered came from the heart: the orator, unless he really is, or seems to be, in earnest, will never make any material impression. There is a degree of authority, even in the simplest matters that can be treated of, if they appear genuine, while the most important points fall into neglect, when conveyed through the cold vehicle of languid expression.

For

ESSAY ON ORATORY. 19

For a general well-compacted idea of oratory, we shall refer to some speeches from FENELON'S Dialogue, between DEMOSTHENES and CICERO.

" CICERO.

" What! dost thou pretend that I was but an  
" ordinary orator?

" DEMOSTHENES.

" Not an ordinary one; for it is not over an  
" ordinary person that I affect superiority. Thou  
" wert doubtless a celebrated orator: thou hadst  
" great parts; but didst frequently deviate from  
" the point wherein perfection consists.

" CICERO.

" And pray hadst thou no faults at all?

" DEMOSTHENES.

" I believe I can be taxed with none, in point  
" of eloquence.

" CICERO.

" Canst thou compare richness of genius with  
" me? thou, who art dry, unadorned; who art  
" ever confined within narrow and contracted  
" limits: thou dost not amplify any subject: thou,  
" from whom nothing can be retrenched; so im-  
" poverished, so starved is the manner in which  
" thy subjects are treated; whereas I extended  
" mine, displaying a copious and fertile genius;  
" which gave judicious critics occasion to say, that  
" nothing could be added to my works.

" DEMOSTHENES.

" He from whom nothing can be retrenched,  
" has said nothing but what is perfect.

" CICERO.

" He to whom nothing can be added, has omit-  
" ted nothing that could adorn his work.

" DEMOSTHENES.

" Thou findest thy discourses more replete with  
" flashes

“ flashes of wit, than mine—confess honestly, is  
 “ not this thy claim to superiority?

“ CICERO.

“ Since you urge the point, I acknowledge it :  
 “ my compositions are infinitely more beautified,  
 “ than thine. They speak far more wit, more in-  
 “ genuity of turn, more art, more ease. I exhi-  
 “ bit the same thing under twenty different shapes :  
 “ when people heard my orations, they could not  
 “ help admiring my parts, nor being surprized  
 “ at my art : they were constantly shouting, and  
 “ interrupting me with vehemence of applause.  
 “ Thou must have been heard very quietly ; with,  
 “ I suppose, little or no interruption.

“ DEMOSTHENES.

“ Thy observations on both, are true ; but the  
 “ inference drawn from them, is thy mistake.  
 “ Thou took'st up the audience with thyself ; I  
 “ engaged it only with the affairs I spoke upon.  
 “ People admired thee : I was forgot by the au-  
 “ ditors ; who saw nothing but the course I wish'd  
 “ them to take. Thou didst entertain with flashes  
 “ of wit : I struck down with bolts of thunder.  
 “ Thou madest men say, How finely he speaks !  
 “ I made them exclaim, Come, let us take the  
 “ field against *Philip* ! They praised thee : they  
 “ were too much dispossessed of themselves, to  
 “ praise me. Thy harangues came forth adorned ;  
 “ none ever discovered in me any ornament : there  
 “ was nothing in my pieces, but precise, strong,  
 “ clear argument ; and thence impulses like light-  
 “ ning, which nothing could resist. Thou wert  
 “ a perfect orator, when thou wert like me—  
 “ simple, grave, austere, without apparent art ;  
 “ in a word, when thou wert *Demosthenical* :  
 “ but when wit, turn, and art shone in thy dis-  
 “ courses,

“ courses, then wert mere *Cicero*; departing so far  
 “ from perfection, as thou departedst from my  
 “ character.”

Mr. RAPIN, in his *Reflections upon Eloquence*, observes, that there are two extremes, which should be equally and carefully avoided; the frigid style, and the boyish. The former renders discourses dry and insipid, by a languid flatness of expression; the latter ungrateful and shocking, by a turgid loftiness, and affected amplification. Those who use the frigid style, call in pompous expressions, when the subject requires plain ones; and they who affect the boyish one, employ low expressions in the loftiest themes. The frigid style properly includes all such expressions as are too strong, or too sparkling, strained metaphors, and frequent witticisms: the boyish style comprehends strokes of humour, and quaint conceits, upon serious subjects; loose and heavy repetitions, in that part of an oration which ought to be close and concise; too violent exaggerations, and too laborious figures.

One would think that MALBRANCHE had the enthusiastic religion-mongers of those days in view, when he observed, that one of the greatest and most remarkable proofs of the strong influence that some heated imaginations have over others, is the power of extensive persuasion, without a shadow of proof\*.

\* *False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;  
 The face of nature we no more survey,  
 All glares alike, without distinction gay;  
 But true expression, like the unchanging sun,  
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
 Expression is the dress of thought; and still,  
 Appears more decent, as more suitable.* POPE on Criticism.

Stage

## 22    ESSAY ON ORATORY.

Stage *delivery* (for theatrical expression cannot be stiled *oratory*) including more variety, and more force of passion, is consequently more difficult. It requires the finest, and most significant feelings, in the performer, to create, by sympathy, proper sensations in the audience.

That noble and almost peculiar sense of human nature, Sympathy, makes us not only share in the distress of a fellow creature, but also pity the miserable brute: it varies shapes and strength, according to the objects and circumstances which occur. There are two principal degrees; sympathy of compulsion and sympathy of election: the first is, when irresistible motives arrest the heart; the second, when it becomes interested, by choice. Compulsive sympathy instructs us to sigh with successful love; to kindle with real or well painted rage; to weep with grief; and to mourn for virtue in distress: elective sympathy is when we make choice of objects in different situations, and become, without any personal knowledge or immediate concern, anxious for their success: in cases of competition, whether of a pleasurable or of a serious nature, man cannot remain a spectator totally indifferent; he must assist one side or the other, with a sympathetic wish: in the choice he is free; yet that choice is frequently so capricious, that no firm reason can be offered, why it becomes fixed.

Imagination is the vehicle which conveys sympathy to, and draws it meliorated from, the heart: that which the Theatre raises, is produced by the bold painting of the Poet's pen, aided by the natural and forcible talents of a good Actor; who is, in every sentence, an illustrative comment upon his author's idea.

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This is that kind of sympathy, which the ingenious Dr. SMITH, in his Theory of Moral Sentiments, describes to arise from the view of emotions in another person: the passions may be transfused from one person to another, instantaneously, and antecedent to any knowledge of what excited them in the person principally concerned. Grief and Joy, strongly expressed in the look and gestures of any one, exclusive of voice, at once affect the spectator with some degree of a like painful or agreeable emotion: a smiling face is to every one who sees it a cheerful object; as a sorrowful countenance, on the other hand, is a melancholy one.

What the ingenious Professor says of mankind at large, may be brought to the point we have immediately in view. Every faculty in one man, when he judges of propriety, is the measure by which he decides upon the like faculty in another: I judge of your sight, by my sight; of your ear, by my ear; of your reason, by my reason; of your resentment, by my resentment; of your love, by my love: I neither have nor can have any other way of judging, about them. This position granted, we are not to wonder at the endless variety of, and frequent absurd critical opinions upon, the *real* and *mimic* stages of life.

If an actor creates sympathy (which to do should be his foremost aim) he will command attention: if not, vain are the best requisites, and all the adventitious aids of theatrical decoration.

*For what follows we have been obliged to a pamphlet, written by Mr. GENTLEMAN, some few years since.*

READING and DECLAMATION consist of *emphasis, climax, modulation, pauses, breaks, transitions, tones, cadences, and gesture.*

EMPHASIS may be divided into two branches, *explanatory* and *expressive*: by the first is meant that stress of utterance, which presents more clearly to conception the meaning of what we deliver; as for example:—"A popular man is, in truth, no better than a prostitute to common fame, and to the people: he lies down to every one he meets, for the hire of praise, and his humility is only a disguised ambition."—By marking the preceding passage so, the meaning strikes immediately, with full force; whereas, if the stress was laid upon other words, or if the whole was uttered with *monotony* (a sameness of tone) the sense would be confused; and to a hearer, whose apprehension was not very quick, perhaps quite unintelligible.—In cases where the sense is doubtful, proper *emphasis* is indispensably necessary; for instance: "Did the Englishman deserve to die?—If I lay the stress upon *did*, then it marks a question arising from surprise; if *Englishman* is distinguished, then it implies that *others* were concerned, and that I would know *his* case particularly.—If *die* is marked, then it appears that I *admit* guilt, but want to know if his crime was of such a nature as to deserve *capital* punishment.

*Expressive emphasis* is that which we use to render a passage, whose meaning is obvious, more forcible;

cible; as may appear by properly marking the following quotation from Shakespeare \*.

In *this*, ye GODS, you make the *weak most strong*;  
In *this*, ye GODS, you tyrants do *defeat*;  
Nor *stony tow'rs*, nor walls of *beaten brass*,  
Nor *airless dungeon*, nor *strong links of iron*,  
Can be *retentive* to the *strength of spirit* :  
But *life*, being *weary* of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks *power* to *dismiss* itself.

Let us take another example, from an higher Epic.

He bids the SPIRY *firs* *arise*,  
The cedar, *vig'rous*, *pierce* the *skies*,  
From Lebanon's *chill* brow :  
*Fearless* amid *conflicting* *storms*,  
The *tow'ring* stork his cradle forms,  
*High* on the *sounding* bough.

104<sup>th</sup> PSALM.

By laying the *emphasis* on *spiry*, in the first line, the peculiar form of the trees mentioned is explained; whereas, had the stress been laid upon *firs*, it would leave us at liberty to think upon oaks, elms, &c. *spiry* too.—The word *arise* is marked, as being the purport of a command; and though, in general, the voice falls, at the end of a line, yet, in this case, the meaning requires it should be raised, but not too high, nor abruptly.

In the second line, *vig'rous* is marked as a property of the cedar: indeed all *epithets*, whether

\* All words printed in *Italic* (except proper names) are those on which the *emphasis* is to be laid; but words in CAPITALS require a more powerful emphasis.

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they precede or follow, require *emphasis*.—*Pierce* is noted as painting a quickness and boldness of vegetation, while the imagination is raised to a more than ordinary height, by particularising *skies*.

In the third line, *chill* is distinguished as a characteristic quality of the climate of Lebanon.

*Fearless*, in the fourth line, is pointed out as an extraordinary attribute of a bird; and *conflicting storms* are emphatical, as a proof of that attribute; enlarging the idea much more than the simple word *fearless*, unassisted, would have done.

In the fifth line, *tow'ring* is distinguished as an *epithet*; and *cradle*, which happily describes the *stork's* nest in that rocking situation, is pointed out as the motive of the bird's resolution.

In the last line, *high* is marked as a material circumstance of the imagery, and *sounding* not only as an *epithet*, but also as referring to its turbulent situation among whistling or roaring gales.

I have chosen the above stanza from the Psalms, as picturesque poetry rests more upon *emphasis*, than any other species of writing; and I have been so minute in the explanation of it, not only that my meaning might be understood, as to this branch of expression, but likewise to show that *emphasis* should be founded on reason, not laid merely for a jingle, or variation of sound.—Having thus marked and explained one stanza, I shall propose two more for the exercise of the student, without any marks of distinction.

He, as a curtain, stretch'd on high  
The vast cerulean canopy,  
And gave with fires to glow:

'Twas

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'Twas he, tremendous Potentate!  
Built on the waves his hall of state,  
Wide as the waters flow.

He walks upon the wings of wind,  
And leaves the rapid storms behind;  
Their monarch's awful will  
Seraphs await in dread suspense,  
And, swifter than the lightning's glance,  
His mighty word fulfil.

After all that can be said, the degrees of *emphasis* are so many and so variable, that no *precise* rules can be laid down for their application.—In *reading* and *declamation*, as in *music*, there must be taste, to give beauty; without it mere rectitude will be most unacceptably insipid. This quality, though improveable, must certainly be first derived from Nature.—A *reader*, before he can reach bare propriety, must thoroughly understand what he reads; for which reason the custom of putting children to peruse the Bible, in which there are many difficult words and abstruse passages, is by no means to be commended; nay, if we consider it in another light, it is highly blameable; for by being made the subject of puzzle and embarrassment, by being tossed about in a careless and slovenly manner, that love and respect which the *sacred writings* justly claim, are too frequently set aside in youth\*. We are told, that among the

\* This important point is very judiciously enforced by Mr. Hull, in a note on one of Mr. Preston's Genuine Letters—"He objected to the absurd custom practised then, as at this day, of suffering children to *learn to read* from the Bible; whence they too often contract a distaste to the most edifying and important volume, that can, in the process of their lives, be laid before them."

Vol. I. Letter 53. Page 241.

Turks, if a piece of written paper appears on the ground, it is taken up and carefully preserved, lest the word ALLAH, or GOD, be inscribed on it.—Mark the contrasted irreverence of Christians! who not only profane with their mouths that most awful name, upon the most trivial occasions, but also frequently use, as waste paper, whole sheets, in which not only his sacred name is mentioned, but every letter a part of his *divine word*.

Another reason against making the Bible an early book among learners, is the frequency of periods, and peculiarity of style, in which it differs widely from most other compositions. It is not rare to find many persons, who, by laboriously conning over the chapters, can stumble their way pretty tolerably through any part of it; yet put them to any other book, you shall find them lamentably hampered, and frequently at an absolute stand.

But to return more particularly to my subject.—As no absolute rules can be laid down for *emphasis*, in general, we must be content with remarks upon particular cases; such as, that opposition, or *antithesis*, requires an *emphasis* upon each of the opposed words; and that most monosyllables, beginning a question, must be strongly marked: as, *Why* did he so? *What* can he mean? *How* did she look? In compound words, that are opposed to others, the *emphasis*, or rather *accent*, properly falls on the distinguishing syllables: for instance, The *virtuous* are *modest*—the *vicious* *immodest*—the *righteous* are *blest*—the *unrighteous* are *miserable*.—Here I have opposed simple to simple, and compound to compound; were the words *immodest* and *unrighteous* to be pronounced without opposition, the accent would fall upon the *second* syllable, instead of the *first*.

In

In *explanatory emphases* the very same words are differently marked, according to the writer's design: as, What did my master say? If I lay the stress upon *what*, it is a general interrogation; if I place it upon *my*, it implies that other masters were concerned; if *master* is distinguished, it notes that there were other persons; and if the *emphasis* lies boldest upon *say*, it shows I want to know his particular words.

Both the cause and the effect in any sentence require an *emphasis*.—Example: To *live* WELL, is to *die* HAPPY—only to be GOOD, is to be GREAT—GUILT is the source of SORROW.

CLIMAX is that progressive force and exaltation of expression, which more powerfully impresses each subject on the mind; and is not only of indispensable use, but also highly ornamental. In the execution of this, there is much nicety, as the rise, in most cases, should be gradual, always harmonious, and upon many occasions very forcible.—To illustrate the matter, I shall offer several examples of different degrees of *climax*. First from Shakespeare's Brutus; which should rise with a full, smooth, philosophic weight and dignity.

— If these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steal with valour  
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress? What other bond,  
Than secret Romans who have spoke the word,  
And will not falter? Or what other oath,  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

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The *climax* of *reasoning*, in these lines, is too obvious to be insisted on; therefore I shall only observe, that the glow of expression, as I may call it, should warm, with the argument.

## *The Sublime and Beautiful, from Moses' Last Song.*

"Give ear, oh ye heavens! and I will speak; and hear, oh earth, the words of my mouth: my doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb; and as the showers upon the grass; because I will publish the name of the Lord. Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the rock; his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment. A God of truth: and without iniquity—just and right is he—for the Lord's portion is his people. Jacob is the lot of his inheritance: he found him in a desert land; and in the waste howling wilderness: he led him about: he instructed him, and kept him as the apple of his eye: as an eagle stirreth up her nest; fluttereth over her young; spreadeth abroad her wings; taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."

We have an example from Addison, which calls for dignity, softened and impassioned by the most pathetic feeling of manly grief; a feeling which very few have imagination to conceive happily, and as few powers to express properly.

— 'Tis Rome demands our tears;  
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire!  
The nurse of heroes! the delight of gods!  
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,  
And

And set the nations free—Rome is no more.  
Oh liberty! Oh virtue! O my country!

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Whate'er the Roman virtue had subdued,  
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are  
Cæsar's:

For him the self-devoted Decii died;  
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;  
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar! Oh, my friends,  
How is the work of Fate, the toil of ages,  
The Roman empire, fall'n!—Oh curs'd am-  
bition!

Fallen into Cæsar's hands!—Our great fore-  
fathers  
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

*Of Pathetic Lamentation, from Jeremiah.*

“ How does the city sit solitary, that was full  
of people? how is she become as a widow? she  
that was great among the nations, and princess  
among the provinces: How is she become tribu-  
tary? she weepeth sore in the night; and her tears  
are on her cheeks. Among all her losses, she hath  
none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt  
treacherously with her: they have become her ene-  
mies: for these things I weep; mine eye runneth  
down with water, because the comforter, that  
should relieve my soul, is far from me. My  
children are desolate, because the enemy prevailed.  
My eyes do fail with tears, my bowels are troubled:  
my liver is poured upon the earth for the destruc-  
tion of the daughter of my people.”

*Of*

*Of pathetic, descriptive Melancholy, from Shakspeare.*

— of comfort no man speak ;  
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;  
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth !  
 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills ;  
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
 And nothing can we call our own, but death ;  
 And that small model of the barren earth  
 Which serves as dust, and cover to our bones.  
 For heaven's sake let's sit upon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings ;  
 How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossessed,  
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping  
 kill'd ;

All murder'd—for within the hollow crown  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
 Keeps Death his court—throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;  
 For you have but mistook me all this while.  
 I live on bread like you, feel want like you ;  
 Taste grief, need friends like you. Subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?

*K. Richard II.*

*The following passage from Otway should gradually  
 warm into Rapture.*

Can there in woman be such glorious faith !  
 Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false !  
 Oh woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee  
To

To temper man : we had been brutes without  
you :

Angels are painted fair to look like you :  
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven ;  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

*An instance of Climax in vindictive Rage we have  
in the following lines of Young.*

Yet ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance,  
To make ev'n thee confess that I am just.  
Thou seest a prince whose father thou hast slain,  
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,  
Whose sacred person—Oh, thou hast profan'd !  
Whose reign extinguish'd. What was left to  
me,

So highly born ? No kingdom, but revenge ;  
No treasure, but thy tortures and thy groans.

*Vindictive Ferocity, from Milton.*

My sentence is for open war—of wiles  
More inexpert I boast not—they let those  
Contrive who need ; unworthy of our might.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions now under arms, who longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,  
Heav'n's fugitives ; and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame ;  
The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay ?——No ! let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once,  
O'er heav'n's high towers to force resistless way ;  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against our torturer——When to meet the noise  
Of

Of his terrific engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and for light'ning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Amongst his angels—and his throne itself  
Mixt with Tartarian sulphur, and strange fire;  
His own invented torments—but perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale  
With adverse wing against a higher foe—  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
That with our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat—descent and fall  
To us are adverse——Who but felt of late,  
When our fierce foe hung on our broken rear,  
Insulting and pursued thro' the deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then—  
Th' event is fear'd——Should we again provoke  
Our enemy, some worse way he may find  
To our destruction; if there be in hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd—What can be worse  
Than to dwell here?——Driven out from bliss,  
condemn'd

From this abhorred deep to utter woe,  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us, without hope of end ;  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
Inexorable, and the tort'ring hour  
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus  
We must be quite abolished and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which to the height enraged  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential: happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being.  
Or if our substance be indeed divine,

And

And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his heav'n;  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Tho' inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
Which if not victory is yet revenge.

*A Climax of jealous Rage Shakespeare give us in  
the following lines.*

I had been happy if the general camp  
(Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known—Oh, now, for ever  
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!  
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war  
That make ambition virtue! O farewel!  
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill  
trump;  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And, oh, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats  
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone.

*A Climax of more Rapidity, proceeding from a  
sudden Burst of Grief, Shakespeare gives as  
follows.*

Come, shew me what thou'lt do!  
Woo't weep? woo't fast? woo't fight? woo't  
tear thyself?  
Woo't drink up Eisel, eat a crocodile?  
I'll do't!—Dost thou come hither but to whine?  
To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I!  
And if thou prat'st of mountains, let them heap  
Millions

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Millions of acres on us, till our ground,  
Singeing its pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart.

Any person who can do justice to these, or similar passages, either by genius or instruction, may claim a sufficient knowledge of *climax*; which, however, as well as *emphasis*, is farther explained under the term MODULATION.

If we consider the human voice through the whole extent of its several divisions, we shall easily discover that nothing can require more the assistance of art to render it pleasing and expressive.

The art of harmonious expression is distinguished by the term *modulation*; for the better comprehending of which let us borrow a division from *music*; *counter-tenor*, *tenor*, and *base*, or *upper*, *medium*, and *lower* notes. Every one of these, so far as *reading* and *declamation* extend, may be found or created, more or less perfectly, in every voice, according to the organs of utterance, and the proper use of those organs; it then remains properly to appropriate each of the divisions.

To all plaintive, amorous passages, humble insinuation, flattery, and frequently to exclamations of joy and distractions, the *counter-tenor* is most properly applied, as will appear from the following examples, first from Otway, in the *plaintive strain*.

Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar;  
Undone by Fortune, and in debt to thee;  
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,  
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view.  
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these  
limbs,

Fram'd

Fram'd for the tender offices of love,  
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?  
When banish'd by our miseries abroad,  
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out  
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,  
For charitable succour;—wilt thou then,  
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,  
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,  
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then  
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

*Venice Preserv'd.*

*Instance of the amorous Style, from Lee.*

—No more of this, no more; for I disdain  
All pomp when thou art by. Far be the noise  
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls  
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.  
Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,  
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were;  
Fly to the arbours, grotts, and flow'ry meads,  
And in soft murmurs interchange our souls;  
Together drink the chrystal of the stream,  
Or taste the yellow fruit which Autumn yields;  
And, when the golden ev'ning calls us home,  
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

*Theodosius.*

*Humility and Insinuation are thus happily set forth  
by Shakespeare.*

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Marc Antony bid me fall down,  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, valiant, wise, and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving:  
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and lov'd him.

D

If

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If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
 Marc Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
 With all true faith. *Julius Cæsar.*

*Diffimulation, which requires the same tone of expression, we find in these lines of Young.*

It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you:  
 Warmly as you I wish Don Carlos well;  
 But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend:  
 There all the difference lies between us two.  
 In me, my lord, you hear another self,  
 And give me leave to add, a better too;  
 Clear'd from those errors, which, tho' born of  
 virtue,  
 Are such as may hereafter give you pain.—  
*Revenge.*

*Instances of Exclamation in Joy and Rage are thus set forth by Shakespeare.*

— Oh my soul's joy!  
 If after every tempest come such calms,  
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd  
 death;  
 And let the lab'ring bark climb hills of seas  
 Olympus high, and duck again as low  
 As hell's from heav'n ———  
 ——— Whip me, ye devils,  
 From the possession of this heav'nly sight;  
 Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,  
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire——

*Othello.*

*Of*

*Of Despair, from Sophocles.*

" Alas ! alas ! the truth now appears too plainly—oh, light ! this is the last time I shall behold thee—alas ! alas ! wretched man, where am I ?—whence comes it that my voice so suddenly fails me ?—oh, fortune ; whither art thou fled ? unhappy, wretched man that I am !—I feel a raging anguish, while I think of my misfortunes !—oh, friends, what can I now see, or love, or entertain, or hear with comfort ?—oh, friends ! immediately forsake a wretch, an execrable wretch ; abhor'd of Gods and men !—Curst be the man that unloosed my fetters, and saved me in the desert, where I was expos'd—he did me no real kindness. I might then have died with less sorrow to myself and friends ; I should neither have become the sanguine murderer of my father, nor the incestuous husband of my mother ! "

The preceding examples may suffice for the *upper tones* of voice ; which, however, should never be suffered to run into feigned squeaking, or unnatural softness.

The *middle notes*, or *tenor* of expression, suit all common narrations, dissertations, and those parts of declamation which do not touch upon the passions. I presume it would be deemed superfluous to give various examples of what every book which presents itself for perusal calls for in general ; therefore I shall only transcribe one short passage from Milton for the *medium notes*.

—— Know that in the soul  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief : among these Fancy next

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Her office holds : of all external things  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imagination's airy shapes,  
Which reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
All that we affirm, or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
Into her private cell, where nature rests.  
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes  
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds, long past or late.  
*Paradise Lost.*

That degree of expression I term *base*, is particularly well applied to gloomy meditation, passages of horror, the invocation of fiends, cynical roughness, and vindictive rage.—Instance of *Gloomy Reflection*, from *Young*.

Whether first nature, or long want of peace,  
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;  
But horrors now are not displeasing to me;  
I like this rocking of the battlements.  
Rage on, ye winds, burst clouds, and waters  
    roar!  
Ye bear a just resemblance of my fortune,  
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul. *Revenge.*

*An Example of Horror we have in these Lines  
of Rowe.*

—An universal horror  
Struck thro' my eyes, and chill'd my very heart;  
The cheerful day was every where shut out  
With care, and left a more than midnight darkness,  
Such as might ev'n be felt; a few dim lamps,  
That

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That feebly lifted up their sickly heads,  
 Look'd faintly thro' the shade, and made it  
 seem  
 More dismal by such light; while those who  
 waited  
 In solemn sorrow, mix'd with wild amazement,  
 Observ'd a dreadful silence.

*Instance of Horror from Shakespeare.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me?  
 The handle toward my hand? come let me  
 clutch thee——  
 I have thee not—and yet I see thee still.  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling as to sight! or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind—a false creation  
 Proceeding from the heat oppress'd brain?  
 I see thee yet—in form as palpable  
 As that which now I draw——  
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
 And such an instrument I was to use,  
 Mine eyes are made the fools of th' other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still,  
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood  
 Which was not so before—there's no such  
 thing—  
 It is the bloody business which informs  
 'Thus to mine eyes—now o'er one half the world  
 Nature seems dead—and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep—now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
 pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides tow'rd his  
 design

Moves like a ghost—thou sound and firmset  
earth

Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time  
Which now suits with it.— *Macbeth.*

*Invocation of Jealousy, from Mallet.*

—————Thou jealousy!  
Almighty tyrant of the human mind,  
Who canst at will unsettle the calm brain,  
O'erturn the scaled heart, and shake the man  
Thro' all his frame, with tempest and distraction,  
Rise to my present aid: call up thy powers,  
Thy furious fears, thy blast of dreadful passion;  
Thy whips, snakes, mortal stings, thy host of  
horrors:  
Rouse thy whole war against him, and complete  
My purpos'd vengeance.

*Invocation of Fiends, from Young.*

Ye pow'rs of darkness who rejoice in ill,  
All sworn by Styx, with pestilential blasts  
To wither every virtue in the bud:  
To keep the door of dark conspiracy,  
And snuff the grateful fumes of human blood;  
From sulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,  
On your black ebony thrones auspicious rise;  
And, bursting thro' the barriers of this world,  
Stand in dread contrast to the golden sun;  
Fright day-light hence with your infernal smiles,  
And howl aloud your formidable joy.

*The following Passages of Enraged Discontent, from Rowe, claim the under Notes of Expression.*

Come, lead me to my dungeon; plunge me  
down

Deep from the hated sight of man and day;  
Where, under covert of the friendly darkness,  
My soul may brood at leisure o'er her sorrows.

\* \* \* \* \*

I tell thee, slave, I have shook hands with Hope,  
And all my thoughts are rage, despair, and  
horror. *Tamerlane.*

*These Lines of the same Author present us with  
Cynical Roughness and Contempt.*

———Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues;  
Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,  
Proneness to change even from the joy that  
pleas'd them;

So gracious is your idol, dear Variety,  
That for another love you would forego  
An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's.

*Tamerlane.*

*Picture of deep Diffident Cruelty from Shakespeare.*

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,  
But thou shalt have—and creep time ne'er so  
slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say—but let it go—

The sun is in the heav'ns, and the proud day,  
Attended by the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,  
To give me audience—if the midnight bell,  
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;  
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 Or thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;  
 Or if that surly spirit melancholy  
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy thick ;  
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making the idiot laughter keep mens eyes,  
 And strain their checks with idle merriment,  
 (A passion hateful to my purposes)  
 Or if thou couldst see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue—using conceit alone—  
 Then in despite of broad-ey'd, watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts—&c.

*King John.*

Having thus given examples for each of the three divisions of voice, it becomes necessary to remark, that the variations in each are many ; and that the appropriations I have made are only meant in general. There are certainly several exceptions ; but these must be left to the instructor's or student's discernment, as entering into every particular would be, if not impracticable, at least intolerably tedious.

PAUSES next present themselves to consideration, and chiefly occur in meditation, doubt, or confusion: no exact time can be fixed for them, but they ought to be made longer or shorter according to the importance of the subject ; and in most, especially passages of reflection, the voice should have a tone of continuance, which constitutes the difference between a *pause* and *break* ; the former is a gradual stop, the latter a sudden check of expression.

*Pauses*

*Pauses* of the first sort occur in the following lines of Shakespear; and, as the subject is of great weight, should be of considerable duration, perhaps while one could number six, or a period and half to each.

It must be by his death: and for my part  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general.—He would be crown'd—  
How that might change his nature—there's the  
question—

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking: crown him—  
that—

And then I grant we put a sting in him,  
Which, at his will, he may do danger with.

*Julius Cæsar.*

*Or these Lines, from the same Author.*

To be—or not to be—that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them—To die—to sleep—  
No more;—and by that sleep to say we end  
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd.—To die—to sleep—  
To sleep! perchance to dream:—Ay, there's  
the rub:

For in that sleep of death what dreams may  
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause.—

*Hamlet.*

*Pauses*

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*Pauses* of confusion are shorter than those of reflection, and are to be fill'd up with hesitative panting breath, while every succeeding word or sentence varies in tone of expression from the former:—instances from Shakespeare, as follow;

Nay, good Lieutenant—alas, gentlemen—  
Help, ho!—Lientenant!—Sir—Montano—  
Help, Masters!—here's a goodly watch indeed!—

Who's that?—Who rings that bell?—Dir-  
blo?—Ho!

The town will rise—— *Othello.*  
\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Yes; 'tis Emilia—by and by—she's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?—  
Still as the grave—shall she come in? were't  
good!

I think she stirs again—no—What's the  
best?—— *Othello.*

Every discerning reader will readily perceive that the latter example is of a stronger, but slower confusion than the former.

BREAKS, as I have before hinted, are only *pauses* of a different nature, more abrupt and sudden, as when a passion cuts short before the meaning is fully explained: these most frequently occur in violent grief and impetuous rage; and the tone of voice alters as the passion rises or falls. One general rule in the expression of grief is, that, when gradual, the tones should swell pathetically; but, when sudden, they should burst forth and break the voice, still avoiding any dissonant scream  
or

or croak.—In these lines of Shakspeare we find pauses of grief swelling slowly, and working upon themselves.

I prithee, Daughter, do not make me mad !—  
I will not trouble thee, my Child—farewell.—  
We'll meet no more—no more see one another ;—

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it ;—  
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer strike,  
Nor tell tales of thee to avenging Heav'n :  
Mend when thou canst—be better at thy leisure ;—

I can be patient—I can stay with Regan.—

*King Lear.*

*Examples of Breaks in Impetuous Rage as follow.*

————Darkness and devils !—  
Saddle my horses—call my train together ;—  
Degenerate viper—I'll not stay with thee !  
I yet have left a daughter—serpent ! monster !  
Lessen my train, and call 'em riotous !  
All men approv'd—of choice and rarest parts,  
That each particular of duty know.—  
————doth thou understand me, man ?  
The King would speak with Cornwall ;—the  
    dear father  
Would with his daughter speak :—commands  
    her service,  
Are they inform'd of this ?—My breath and  
    blood—  
Fiery—the fiery Duke !—tell the hot Duke  
    that—

No—but not yet, may be he is not well.—

*King Lear.*

Having

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Having thus particularly and distinctly explained the proper application of the three grand divisions of the voice, in order to bring what has been said into a narrow compass, and to place it in one point of view, I shall produce for an example the *Seven Ages of Shakespeare*, and mark the lines according to the variations; which, agreeable to the foregoing observations, ought to be made in speaking or in reading this passage. The *counter-tenor*, or upper notes, I distinguish by *italics*; the *tenor*, or medium, retain the *common type*; and the *base* is marked by CAPITALS.

All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players;  
 They have their exits and their entrances,  
 And each man in his time plays many parts;  
 His acts being seven ages.—First the infant,  
*Mewling and pewking in the nurse's arms:*  
 And then the whining school-boy, *with his*  
*fatchel*  
*And shining morning face, creeping like snail,*  
*Unwillingly to school:*—and then the lover,  
*Sighing, like furnace, with a woful ballad*  
*Made to his mistress' eye-brow:*—then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard;  
 Jealous in honour—sudden and quick in  
 quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth: and then the  
 JUSTICE,  
 IN FAIR ROUND BELLY WITH GOOD CAPON  
 LIN'D,  
 WITH EYES SEVERE, AND BEARD OF FOR-  
 MAL CUT,

FULL

FULL OF WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES;

And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts  
 Into the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*;  
*With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,*  
*His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide*  
*For his shrunk banks*; and his big manly voice  
 Turning again towards childish treble, *pipes*  
*And whistles in the sound*—Last scene of all,  
 Which ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every  
 thing.

Every *emphasis* and variation of voice should be founded on reason; it may be proper, therefore, to show why the several parts of the preceding lines are thus distinguished. In the first age of infancy, the upper notes are most descriptive of that tender time, as they are also of the whimpering school-boy; and their softness likewise suits the sighing of the lover. The forward confidence of the soldier demands a full-spirited medium; and the corpulent importance, generally imputed to magistracy, is well pictured by the jolly swell of the *base* notes, while the feebleness of fast declining age calls for the *counter-tenor*, tremulated, as it were, with weakness.

Thus much for general explanation, which I have delivered in as full and clear a manner as the nature of my design would possibly admit; and, having set forth such examples as, explained by *teachers*, or carefully investigated by *students*, may give a full idea of what is intended, I shall proceed to some brief remarks upon *utterance* and



‘ a period, all other respiration being of continuance.’

There is undoubtedly much judgment in the composition of harmonious and comprehensive periods; a dissonant unconnected style will take greatly from the beauty and force of expression, as a discordant piece of music must disgrace a performance of the ablest master, and injure the utterance of the most perfect instruments.

Frequent use strengthens and meliorates the organs of expression, and practice will teach a most essential point, that of pitching the voice to any place or number of persons. There is considerable nicety in knowing the different effect which the same notes of voice may have in places of equal dimensions, but of different construction, of a place containing but few auditors, or thronged with a large number; and this point of excellence must be attained by much practice and observation. Only thus much may be observed in general of the operations of sound; that where it undulates considerably, the louder a *reader* or *declaimer* goes beyond the just pitch, the more indistinct he will be, of which we find very frequent instances in *cathedral* churches: a full audience in any place will require at least twice the force of expression of a thin one; which, exclusive of some buzz that must unavoidably attend a numerous assembly, may be philosophically accounted for by an essential density of air, from the conjunct respiration of so many people.

The voice being pitched, and modulated thro’ the several variations which may be found necessary, it remains to consider, to comprehend, and to feel the subject; without which expression must be languid, unaffecting, and wearisome. What we

*read* or *speak* unfelt, must be like painting without light or shade; there may be just symmetry of parts and good colouring; but unless they are raised and brought forward, both pall on the view, and die upon the canvass.

Spirit and feeling are necessary to idea as well as to sight; for which reason *teachers* should not only make their *pupils* understand every word they *read*, but their general sense in a state of connection: a point of care seldom attended to.

Emphatic expression, feeling, and taste, are particularly essential to poetry, as that, in general, appeals oftner to the passions than any other species of writing. *Cadences* also are more critical in numbers than in prose; in both they should be smooth, gradual, and die away almost insensibly, yet so as to preserve and to impress the last syllable both upon the ear and mind, without snapping short the breath or sound, which is extremely grating to a judicious hearer.

How often is verse of every kind miserably mangled! A sort of unmeaning pedantic recitative, tedious from a repetition of misplaced unharmonious tones, is substituted for dignity; thus we find many, who make a tolerable shift with prose, the moment they see any number of measured syllables, throw aside nature, reason, nay even common sense, to display their knowledge of versification, and what they think its peculiar importance.——What can be more absurd? Genuine poetry needs no pompous affectation to dignify it; for as by transposing the words you cannot reduce it to prose, neither can you take from its harmony by plain, natural expression.

I know not any thing which has done our language, and the reading of it, more injury than the  
giggle

gingle of rhyme, especially that which is thrown into heroic measure, it being certain that the more correct an author in that way is, the more he will lead to monotony. Instance Mr. Pope, who has been so critically exact in accenting particular syllables, that very few of his pieces can be read with any tolerable variation of voice; for which reason I would have learners kept from rhyme in heroic measure till they are well grounded in a just mode of utterance. Indeed we are not to wonder that the *generality* chaunt verse in so lamentable a manner, when some of those who have sketched rules for reading, insist upon such a servile obedience to the author, as not only to change the accented syllable, but even to favour his bad rhyme, with false pronunciation; for example, to sound the last syllable of *liberty*, as an exact *rhime* either to *flee* or *fly*.—To prescribe a stop or half pause at the end of a line, whether the sense requires it or not, is another rule that has been given, equally erroneous and disgusting.

In *reading*, properly so called, *action* has no concern, but *declamation* is very defective without it; yet, except upon the *stage*, and among many there miserably methodized, we scarce find any.—When I recommend *action*, I would not be supposed to intend that a speaker should be in continual motion; or that, puppet-like, he is to lift up first one hand and then another, merely to lay them down again.—No—I would have motions few, easy, graceful; and, for my own part, I know not how a declaimer can possibly feel and stand stock-still: but, admit the possibility of this, I will venture to say there is but little probability that his audience will think him in earnest: I know that some delicate persons are afraid of be-

coming too *theatrical*; but there is a very wide difference between the *action* of an *orator* and an *actor*, unless when the latter judiciously represents the former; but I shall no further urge the necessity of a point so obvious, let us proceed to the thing itself.

First, then, *action* should be entirely reserved for those passages which contain somewhat interesting or important, as demonstration, or the enforcing of a charge. This should be attended with the right arm stretched forward to the full extent, the fingers even, and the palm of the hand downwards, or sometimes the hand turned sideways, the fore finger only pointing: if the circumstance demonstrated, or given in charge, be very momentous, the well known and admired action of St. Paul preaching at Athens, stretching forth both arms, palms downwards, has much force and propriety.

Where *grief* is to be expressed, the right hand laid slowly to the left breast, the head and chest bending forward, is a just indication of it. To express *confidence* and *resolution*, the same hand must move to the same place, but with quickness and vigour, recoiling as it were from the heart, which thereby seems to meet it. With this action the head should be thrown back and the chest forward. The expression of *ardent affection*, is to close both hands warmly at half arm's length, the fingers intermingling, and to bring them to the breast with spirit. If *expansion of mind*, or any thing similar, is to be pointed out, then both arms should be cast different ways, in a parallel line, and the chest thrown open. Folding arms, with a drooping of the head, describe contemplation; erection of the head speaks dignity, or, with suit-  
able

able features, contempt. There are some few other instances of action which may be graceful, and serve for variation, though not absolutely necessary; but these must be left to the choice and discretion of the declaimer, and to the unconstrained operation of judicious feeling: only thus much it may be necessary to observe, that the left hand should seldom or never be used by itself; and that all action should move between the tip of the shoulder and the seat of the heart; all above is what Shakespeare justly styles sawing the air; all below both unmeaning and ungraceful. Upon the whole, every motion should be the natural attendant of what is spoken: if an extreme cannot be avoided, I would rather recommend *no* action than *too much*, or than such as must offend judicious eyes. — *Attitudes*, or positions of the body, when happily struck off and well applied, are not only picturesque but striking, all description of them with a pen must be faint and confused, wherefore we refer to the pencil of some able painter.

To what has been already offer'd we shall subjoin some useful remarks from an ingenious Treatise on the Art of Speaking.

“ If nature, unassisted, could form the eminent speaker, where were the use of art and culture? which no one pretends to question: art is but nature improved upon and refined; and before improvement is applied, genius is but a mass of ore in the mine, without lustre and without value, because unknown and unthought of: the ancients used to procure masters for pronunciation from the theatres, and had youth taught gesture and attitude, by the *Palæstritæ*, who taught much the same among them, as dancing-masters do among us.

“ It

“ It is well when a youth has no natural impediment or defect in his speech ; and I should by no means advise that he who has, be brought up to any profession requiring elocution ; yet there are instances of natural defects surmounted ; and eminent speakers formed by indefatigable diligence in spite of them ; DEMOSTHENES when he began to study rhetoric, could not pronounce the first letter of the name of that art ; and CICERO was long-necked and narrow chested ; but diligent labour, in what we are earnest upon, surmounts all difficulties, that are not too deeply rooted in nature : for want of proper application we are frequently disgusted by public speakers lisping, stammering, and speaking thro’ the nose ; pronouncing the letter k with the throat, instead of the tongue, s like th, and screaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice.

Some unexperienced attempters at oratory mumble as if they were conjuring up spirits ; others bawl as loud as street hawkers ; some so precipitate in expression that no ear can distinguish ; others drag words like the heavy pauses of a great clock striking ; some have got a disagreeable habit of shrugging up their shoulders ; others of see-sawing their bodies backwards and forwards, or from side to side ; some open their mouths frightfully, others keep their teeth so close as if the jaws were set ; all which, with many other bad, disgraceful habits, should either be got the better of in early life, or the young persons put into some other path than that of public speaking : neglect of this, occasions such confirmation of deficiency, that not one speaker in twenty knows what to do with his hands, voice, or eyes.

“ Some

“Some actors, who should most particularly apply to feeling and attention, who should most strictly regard decorum, are guilty of monstrous improprieties as to management of the eyes in particular; to look full at the audience when speaking a soliloquy, or a speech aside, is intolerable; a performer should not in theatrical station seem conscious of an audience, or that there is a spectator looking on; and one peculiar fault in performers is, that they don't in general keep a fixed eye on those they speak to, even in impassioned dialogue: from whatever cause we may derive this disgraceful, enfeebling inattention, it is severely censurable.”

It being far beyond the limits of our design to enter upon the general minutiae of our subject, we refer our readers for a circumstantial description of the effects which various affections and passions have upon the human features, to the studious treatise we have just now quoted from; published by LONGMAN and BUCKLAND, Pater-noster-row; though we think great part of it more curious than useful, for where the mind by nature, or representation properly feels, the features will operate consonantly; if words and looks are contrary, no sympathy can be gained; in which case the main point is lost.



